

HOT A VOICE **WAS RESTORED** (A Thrilling Story) By ANNA DEMING GRAY (Copyright)

Nat's wife stood in the back door looking across the yard at a man, an old man, with a white beard, wearing a long coat and a hat, who was standing in the middle of the field. He was looking at her and she was looking at him. He was looking at her and she was looking at him. He was looking at her and she was looking at him.

"I wish I had made father put some grape-leaves in his hair," she said; "he minds the heat so, and it's sure to be hot by noon. If it is, I hope Marthy will keep them to dinner."

She was a slim, girl-like woman, and her cheeks were pink and dimpled. Her ripples of brown hair were drawn down behind her ears, into a tight knot, with quaver-like precision, but escaped into little curls in spite of her.

The prettiness of Nat's wife was an established fact, and one for which she had felt very sorry, ever since she overheard Nat's sister saying, scornfully, soon after the wedding: "Nat always seemed well balanced, as most men—which isn't sayin' much. He stayed a single bachelor till he was 40 and then got took in by a pair of laughing eyes and a baby dimple. Him near 40, and she 22! An' to think of him marryin' Annett Dorand! No; I can't say there was anything against her father, only he never did nothin' but paint pictures. He came here to Strangville a widower, with this child. She was ten then. That's all anybody knew about him. In Strangville, you have to have a grandfather to be anybody."

Until recently, Annett had not thought that she possessed any of her artist father's talent, but she knew that his love for all beautiful things was hers. Secretly, unknown to her husband, she took lessons until her work was pronounced by critics to be even better than her father's.

She had never repeated Martha's words to her husband, for she was too loyal and knew Nat too well for that. Her woman's instinct told her that jealousy of her place in Nat's affection was at the bottom of it, more than any ill will to herself—for Martha was Nat's twin-sister. Annett felt keenly the injustice of the dislike, and resented the thought that she had been married merely for her pretty face. She made up her mind then and there—and her will was quite equal to Martha's own—that she would win the affection and respect of her husband's family in spite of themselves. She had grown to love Nat's eccentric, handsome old father; he was so much like her husband, and this alone would have made him dear to her; but, with Martha, it was quite a different matter.

The young wife wondered sometimes how this hard, scolding woman could be Nathaniel's twin sister. For to protect and defend those weaker than himself was as natural as to breathe to Nathaniel Strang.

This had been the foundation of his love for Annett, perhaps. He had seen her lonely and sad after her father's death, and his pity had been roused. Almost before he knew it himself, she had become the one woman in the world to him.

He had never been a man of many words. "I know that I am not half good enough for you, Annett," he had said, "nor young enough neither; but I love you, and I'll try every day I live to make you glad you married me."

Not a very sentimental wooing perhaps; but Annett, looking into his honest eyes, was satisfied, and tried bravely to enjoy the rose of love that was here, and not feel the thorn.

Since little Nat had come, Martha had seemed more friendly, for a child is a great point of sympathy often, between even those who do not like each other.

Martha was honestly very fond of the boy, who was now almost three years old.

Annett had made her husband's home so attractive and inviting a place that Nat's father had long ago grown to think that there was nobody like his daughter-in-law.

In truth she had made herself almost invaluable to him, since his "trouble" came.

Three years before, a traveling doctor had visited Strangville—a quack would perhaps be a better term—whose name was Bromwell. He held each evening a concert and a dime museum performance, consisting of mind-reading, sleight of hand, and reading the future.

The last evening of the doctor's stay in the village, Mr. Strang had been giving his opinion rather too freely, as to the Reading of the Future; in fact, he had ridiculed the whole thing.

The doctor finally became angry, and offered to tell Mr. Strang an unpleasant fact in his own near future.

The old man only threw back his head, and laughed the more.

"Well, sir," cried the irate doctor, "you'll know it soon enough, I guess, but you may have it to think on awhile. On the 22d day of next September, at 12 o'clock, you will lose your voice, and never speak another word;" and he turned his back and walked wrathfully away, followed by the resounding laughter of old man Strang as he turned toward home. But he did not tell the evil prophecy to anyone.

As the 22d of September approached, he grew more and more silent and moody.

That day, while the family were at the dinner table, he suddenly paused

in the middle of a sentence and got to his feet, his eyes fixed on the clock in the opposite wall. It was just 12 o'clock. He made several efforts to speak, but finally sank back into his chair, white and trembling. Afterward he had written it down for his son, but he had not talked since.

He brooded much over his trouble and did not get any more reconciled to it, in spite of the sympathy of friends and the union prayer-meeting held in his behalf.

As Annett watched the two going to the meadow together she wore a very thoughtful expression.

"I wonder," she said, "how my plan is going to turn out? If I can only keep Natty from finding it out awhile longer." And then her face lighted up and her eyes smiled.

Annett firmly believed that old father's Strang's voice was lost through fright, and that an equally great surprise would restore it.

For years and years the Strangs had been having two big family dinners in the year—one at Christmas and one at Thanksgiving. They had never been to Annett's for one of the gatherings since her marriage; Nat had always seemed to oppose it, and there were so many other places, that it did not matter. This year Mrs. Strang insisted upon having the Thanksgiving dinner at her place. The day happened to be old father Strang's birthday.

Annett had planned a dinner with which not even Martha could find fault. The two long tables groaned beneath their load of good things. The old Strang silver, which was only used on state occasions, added its



"Land o' Goshen, Natty!"

glory. The whole set of old blue china which had belonged to father Strang's father was present too.

Annett had the faculty of making a table look pretty, and when everything was ready and she took father Strang out to see it before the guests were invited out, he kissed her and wrote on his tablet: "There hasn't been so fine a dinner since mother died."

And Annett knew that he was giving her his highest praise.

Guests had been arriving since early in the morning, and at last they were all seated around the tables, 40 of them in all, and in the best spirits.

The dinner went on much as usual, each one of the women remembering silently how she had prepared this or that dish much better, when they met at her house.

The same old jokes were told by the older people, and laughed at and applauded by the rest, with as much enjoyment as if they were being heard for the first time.

And finally it was over, and the dessert had been passed, and seed cakes and sweet cider were going the rounds, which had been the winding up of the Strang dinners since the beginning of time.

Then while they were all only waiting for one of the party to finish a story before going back to the sitting-room, Annett called little Nat to her side and whispered something to him.

"Father Strang," she said, "I have kept my birthday gift for you until now. Nat, dear, will you draw the curtains, so that all our friends may see it?"

Her heart was beating rapidly as she spoke, but her voice was clear and distinct.

Nat drew the curtains and everyone turned to the door of the library, wondering what the gift would be.

As a rule they did give birthday gifts in the Strang family.

Father Strang had risen unconsciously to his feet, and stood gazing in pleased surprise at the picture which was revealed.

"Land o' Goshen, Natty!" he said, "if it hain't you and me, an' the medder lot!"

Later, when things had quieted down a little, Martha said before them all, and it took some courage to do it:

"I haven't treated you right, an' I'm willin' to say so, Annett. There isn't anything I would 'a' liked as well for you to do, as to get a picture of father. You know we haven't been able to get him to be took fur 40 years. That was a tin type, an' it's so faded that you can't tell which is him, and which is his mother. The picture's made his voice come back, and there isn't nothin' I wouldn't do for you from this time on. As fur it, I'll bet there isn't anybody in the United States who can paint to come up to it!"

And so at last Nat's wife found her way into the hearts of the Strang family, and for her at least, it was a blessed Thanksgiving.

Kansas Official Vote.

Total vote in Kansas, 375,895; Taft's plurality 36,957; Taft's majority, 19,437; Stubb's plurality 34,307.

Attorney General Jackson had the largest total vote, with 199,173; State Printer McNeal had the largest plurality with 41,111.

The probate judge amendment lost by 33,598; the amendment to increase legislator's pay by 46,022.

The vote on presidential electors follows:

Republican—Case Broderick, 197,166; J. B. Dykes, 196,667; J. W. Graybill, 196,620; G. H. Lamb, 196,567; Henry Monroe, 196,637; A. E. Moll, 196,492; R. W. Roe, 196,443; A. H. Skidmore, 196,460; S. I. Tipton, 196,458; E. R. Thorpe, 196,401.

Democratic—Arthur Asher, 161,209; Everett B. Irer, 160,705; Fred C. Flory, 160,696; George W. Glick, 160,686; J. W. Howe, 160,581; G. H. Machette, 160,538; R. H. Meade, 160,549; W. P. Morris, 160,557; John B. Rea, 160,491; T. J. Sweeney, 160,470.

The highest vote received by a Socialist presidential elector was 12,420 and the highest vote of a Prohibition presidential elector was 5,032.

The vote for supreme judges follows:

Alfred Benson, Rep. 198,211. A. E. Heim, Dem. 158,485. Benson's plurality, 39,726. H. F. Mason, Rep. 197,141. I. O. Pickering, Dem. 158,111. Mason's plurality, 39,030. Clark A. Smith, Rep., 197,962. J. P. Rossiter, Dem., 157,835. Smith's plurality, 39,127.

The Socialist candidates received a little over 12,000 and the Prohibition about 4,200.

The vote on state officers follows:

Governor—W. R. Stubbs, Rep., 196,692; Jeremiah D. Botkin, Dem. 162,385; Stubb's plurality 34,307.

Lieutenant governor—W. J. Fitzgerald, Rep., 197,563; Harry McMillan, Dem., 159,261; Fitzgerald's plurality 38,302.

Secretary of state—Charles E. Denton, Rep., 197,623; Willis H. Kemper, Dem., 158,332; Denton's plurality, 36,811.

State Auditor—James M. Nation, Rep., 198,077; Louis D. Eppinger, Dem., 158,151; Nation's plurality, 39,926.

State treasurer—Mark Tulley, Rep., 198,170; Conway Marshall, Dem., 158,141; Tulley's plurality, 40,029.

Attorney general—Frd S. Jackson, Rep., 199,183; George W. Freerks, Dem., 158,597; Jackson's plurality, 40,586.

Superintendent of schools—Edward T. Fairchild, Rep., 198,398; Mrs. Ella S. Burton, Dem., 158,447; Fairchild's plurality 39,951.

Insurance superintendent—Charles W. Barnes, Rep., 198,229; Milton F. Belisle, Dem., 157,430; Fred M. Lutschg, Soc. 11,969; Barnes plurality 40,799.

State printer—Thomas A. McNeal, Rep., 198,602; J. S. Cobb, Dem., 157,491; McNeal's plurality, 41,111.

Three railroad commissioners—George W. Kanavel, Rep., 197,127; Frank J. Ryan, Rep., 197,364; Charles A. Ryker, Rep., 196,279; Oscar O. Ayres, Dem., 158,702; Frank C. Field, Dem., 157,796; Jeremiah E. Howard, Dem., 158,315. Kanavel's plurality 38,426; Ryan's plurality, 39,578; Ryker's plurality, 37,964.

Congressman 7th district. E. H. Madison Rep., 26,315; S. I. Hale, Dem., 21,460; Madison's plurality, 4855.

John Sipes was out to Garden City Saturday.

E. K. Pintz of Hutchinson was in the city Tuesday on business.

John Lindas of Larned was a business visitor in town Tuesday

Miss Stella Clark of Ness City visited friends in the city this week.

Remember that the Malleable steel range has no equal. Sold by Fred Hemker.

The Riverside Base Burner will fill the bill to a nicety. See Fred Hemker about one.

A. H. Burtis and family of Garden City were in the city the first of the week visiting the Harmisons. They went from here to Valparaiso, Indiana, where they will spend the winter.

A pain prescription is printed upon each 25c box of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. Ask your Doctor or Druggist if this formula is not complete. Head pains, womanly pains, pains anywhere get instant relief from a Pink Pain Tablet. Holmes Drug store.

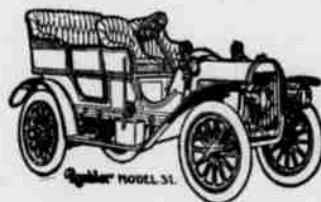
Last Week of the **"Close Out Sale"**

This is the last week, and Saturday will be the last day of the Big Move Out Sale in the Bargain Basement. Monday next we begin the task of transferring the basement into a Christmas Bazaar, a regular Toy Shop, full of good things for the Christmas shopper. Saturday will be the last day if you want to take advantage of the bargains in this sale. The goods have been moving out freely, but there will be some good things left for the closing days of the sale. We will add several very

Special Lots for Saturday
and want all our customers to come, and promise you will appreciate the goods and the prices.

Saturday--The Last Day--Saturday

The Lundblade & **Bolinger Store**



That car load of AUTOMOBILES has been received by the Great Bend Garage Co., and, at the rate autos are sold by that firm, you will have to hurry around if you want to see them. Three cars sold Monday, this week. Remember, this is

THE GREAT BEND **GARAGE CO.**

